

478 CORPSES

Found Already and Many More Lives Lost.

MISSING LIST APPALLING

Burning of the Gen. Slocum Harbor's Worst Disaster

HOSPITALS HOLD 219 INJURED

Horrors Fill the Story of the Slaughter of the Innocents.

WHOLE CITY RISES TO AID.

Navy, Naval Reserves, Railroads, Lend a Hand.

St. Mark's Lutheran Church Turned Into a Household of Mourning and a Registry of the Lost—There Must Have Been 1,500 or 1,400 Women and Children on Its Excursion, With Here and There a Man—The Boat Caught Fire Near Hell Gate and Ran Up to North Brother Island, Burning Furiously and Spilling Women and Children Overboard—418 Dead on North Brother Up to Midnight—Bellevue Improvises a Large Morgue for Them—Crowds Storm the Depots of the Dead—Divers Search the Wreck, but Say Wreckers Will Have to Open It Up for Them—Many Dead Believed to Be Amish—Criminal Investigation Begun—Worthless Life Preservers—The Statement of the Captain.

THE SUN'S list at midnight showed these figures of the General Slocum disaster:

Corpses Recovered,	478
Identified Dead,	181
Reported Missing,	682
In Hospital,	219
Died in Hospital,	2

The police reports that came to Bellevue Hospital led Acting Supt. Rickard to estimate last night that the list of dead would not be less than 800.

Nothing approaching the disaster of yesterday has happened in New York waters before. The exact number of the women and children who were killed by the burning of the pleasure steamer General Slocum will not be known for several days. It is certain that nearly 500 corpses have been recovered already. It is certain that many more—possibly hundreds more—still lie in the entrance of the Sound just outside Hell Gate and will be brought to the surface day after day or are in the bowels of the burned and sunken steamboat. More corpses are being recovered hourly, and the lists of missing, which were growing all night, have reached an appalling length.

Nearly all of those who were burned and drowned were women and little children, members of the Sunday School of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, in Sixth street.

Between 1,400 and 1,500 people, so far as can be learned, started out on the Slocum. Nearly a third of them were babies. Try as best they could, the police and hospital authorities and the officers of the church could not find more than 300 or 400 survivors. But everybody believed yesterday that, when matters were straightened out and the hospitals began to give an accounting of the wounded they had taken in spontaneously, the list of those members of the excursion still living would be most happily lengthened. Many of the excursionists were children not attached to the church.

How Could It Happen?

"How did such a thing happen?" That was the question which was reiterated up and down the length and breadth of the city. People read of the captain who found at 11th street that his boat, with its precious cargo, was on fire and yet did not drive it to the shore until he was beyond 13th street, a mile and a half from the place where the cry of "Fire!" first reached his ears.

Capt. William H. Van Schaick of the Slocum explained as best he could how such horrible disaster had come to a company under his care and direction. He is a man 61 years old, and has had long experience in commanding pleasure craft in the waters around New York. Capt. Van Schaick said that, though he heard the alarm of fire early, he made up his mind at once that there was no certain place where she could be beached in shallow water south of North Brother Island. The tide was running up to the Sound with terrific velocity, and he was sure that he would lose time trying to turn his boat into a proper beaching place south of North Brother Island.

He stuck to his post, although the flames scorched his clothing, until the boat was hard and fast ashore. Pilot Van Wart stayed with him.

Rivermen generally were divided as to the good judgment shown by Capt. Van Schaick in trying to go so far. It was nearly an even division. The captain himself admitted that it was not until after the fire had been going some time that he realized its ferocity and its rapidity. Capt. Van Schaick and Pilot Van Wart and Weaver were arrested and were sent to the prison cells of Bellevue Hospital, for all of them were badly burned.

Inquiry Begun by Jerome

District Attorney Jerome sent his assistant, F. P. Garvan, to the scene of the wreck to determine whether a crime had been committed. It was gathered that if it could be shown that Capt. Van Schaick used his best judgment, he would not be held responsible. But there are other questions which will call for a criminal investigation, as, for instance, the quality and condition of the life preservers on the General Slocum and the facilities which she had for fighting fire. It was established yesterday that a man's thumb-nail was a weapon that would rip many of the life preservers on the ship wide open, and that the things were filled with granulated cork, which quickly became water soaked and loses buoyancy. Former Fire Marshal Frel was retained by the District Attorney to make an investigation into the circumstances of the starting of the fire.

Lamp Room Fed the Fire.

There was a compartment in the hold of the General Slocum known as the second cabin. It was forward, just aft the forecastle. In this room were kept the lamps and the oil for them; the gasoline and the brass polishing liquids and all the other inflammable supplies. It was not determined last night whether the fire started in this cabin. But it was known that the flames were fed there to reach their greatest and most murderous intensity. From that cabin the fire swept back through the boat with a ferocity that no fire fighting apparatus could hold in check.

The City of It.

There were scenes of horror on the General Slocum and on shore such as it would not be decent to set down on paper, even though any chronicler had the ability. It was a boat load of women and little children. For the last mile, when the steamer, spouting flames high into the air, was shooting swiftly out to the Sound with the tide, people on shore and on other steamers could see the women and children flitting over the sides into the water in scores. The waves grab forward at one another with hungry white fingers. A strong man would have but little chance. The women and the children had no chance.

There were heard yesterday such stories as often come out after a disaster—stories of cruel selfishness by members of the crew, of cold disregard of the Slocum's distress signals and most evident need by pleasure and business craft in the harbor. In the end came the story that there had been looting of the bodies of the dead. Some of these things were more or less true.

Heroic Work of Rescuers.

But there was a glorious record of self sacrifice and of bravery to be set over against all that was evil or unmanly. Of such were the bravery with which the old captain and his pilots stayed at their post; the noble efforts of Policemen Kelk and Van Tassel, who were on the burning boat, to save the lives of those entrusted to their care; the beautiful recklessness of the women nurses and the convalescent patients from the hospitals on North Brother Island, risking their lives to dash into the water around the burning boat; the brave deeds of the men on the city's boats, the Franklin Edison and the Massasoit, and on the tugs Theo and Wade. Some day some one will fittingly dress out the deeds of that little man, Capt. Jack Wade, and his daredevil crew. There was no time yesterday for the glorifying of heroes. For every one whose deeds were seen and mentally registered in the flying moments of horror and peril, there were hundreds of others in which the rescued were too much scared to appreciate what was being done for them and the rescuers were too busy to take note for themselves.

Ambulances and patrol wagons from nearly every corner of the city were sent to points along The Bronx shore nearest the wreck. Physicians and nurses came by hundreds, not only from hospitals, public and private in all the boroughs of the city, but singly, from their private offices, from as far away as Newark and Paterson.

North Brother Island a Morgue.

Bodies were sent down to the Bellevue Morgue from North Brother Island as fast as they were recovered, until there was no more room there. Most of them were unidentified. At about 5 o'clock last night, when the tide was low, there was a sudden increase in the rapidity with which bodies were recovered. They were brought out of the water near where the Slocum had been grounded at the rate of about one a minute. A temporary morgue was established on the island. The systematizing of the work of identification was nearly finished last night, and it is hoped that to-day nearly all the recovered bodies may be recognized. Some of them were so badly burned that they will never be recognized. All yesterday afternoon and last night great silent crowds, thousands and thousands of people, stood in front of the church in Sixth street, in front of the Morgue and the Alexander avenue police station, and along the East River

shore opposite North Brother Island—wherever the bodies of the victims were laid or where news of them could be learned.

THE SLOCUM SAILS OUT GAYLY.

The General Slocum, which was built of wood, spent Tuesday night at the foot of Fifth street. She started around the Battery at about 7 o'clock yesterday morning. Light. Her crew of twenty-seven men was aboard. She reached the foot of Third street, in the East River, where there is a recreation pier, at about twenty minutes past 8 o'clock.

There were several hundred excursionists already on the pier when the Slocum arrived. There were mothers full of pride in their lusty German-American babies, and full of anxiety for fear some of them would fall overboard in their haste to get on board the Slocum before anybody else did. A band came and went to the after deck and began booming out melodies dear to the German and the East Side heart.

The mothers and children kept pouring along the gang plank and scurrying for "good places" about the decks. The Rev. G. C. F. Haas and his assistant, the Rev. J. S. Schultz, stood on opposite sides of the gang plank and welcomed the mothers and the scholars. Policemen Kelk and Van Tassel, full of experience in the handling of Sunday school excursions, took posts on the off shore side of the steamer, ready to dive after any towhead who by mischance should fall overboard. It was as fine a day for a picnic as ever was. The sunlight made the blue water seem as bright as though it lay anywhere but between the piers of the biggest city of this nation. The ugly factory walls were set off by masts and flags, and big boats and little boats seemed rather to be skittering over the river for their own amusement than for any purpose of sordid profit.

It Was an Ideal Day.

The excursion was late in starting. Lutheran are great folk for going to family picnics in big family parties. Greta and Wilhelmine and August's wife gather from the corners of Manhattan and Brooklyn and bring all their children, and combine their luncheons so that it shall be served to ten or fifteen hungry mouths in proper proportions. And if any one of the whole family circle was late, then all the rest went to Pastor Haas and besought him, by all that was dear and sweet, not to let the boat go until sister and her little ones came. Pastor Haas was good natured, and it was well along toward 10 o'clock when the Slocum started, the band on the upper deck playing "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott."

The children tugged at their skirts, held down by their smiling mothers and big sisters and grandmothers, and cheered at the departing pier. There was not a chill in the air. There was not a cloud on the blue sky. Pastor Haas went up and down the decks, and the matrons loudly communicated their congratulations to him.

Hell Gate, where the tide was rushing out to the Sound with the utmost violence, was passed safely. There isn't a steamer captain in this harbor, no matter how he be as old as Capt. Van Schaick, who is not glad when he has passed through Hell Gate without a collision and without being slewed out of his course against its rocky sides.

Steamboat Bursts Into Flames.

Though Capt. Van Schaick did not know it, the steamer must even then have been on fire. Just back of the crew's quarters, on fire in the bow of the steamer under the main deck, is what is called the second cabin. On the Slocum this cabin has been used as a sort of storeroom. Spare hawsers and paint and oils were kept there. Gasoline was kept there, and it was there that Albert Payne, a negro steward, kept the ship's lamps when they were not in place and cleaned and filled them. Payne, his face ashy with the horrors he had been through, swore yesterday afternoon that he had finished cleaning all the lamps before the boat left her dock at West Fifth street early yesterday morning and that he had not been in the room except to see that everything was all right. He swore that just before the boat left East Third street the second cabin was all right.

Along the Astoria shore, where there are many yards for the building of small boats, the trouble was known sooner than it was on the steamer itself. As the Slocum passed Broadway, Astoria, John E. Ronan, a Dock Department employee, was struck with a "swoy" of the steamer, with her flags, her masts and her load of hilarious children, and called to a companion:

Where Wondered Why She Didn't Stop.

"Look at the Slocum! Don't it make you hate to work when you see a crowd having as good a time as that?"

But a quarter of a mile further on, William Alloway, the captain of a dredge, saw a burst of smoke puff out from the lower deck of the Slocum just forward of the smokestacks. He let off four blasts of his dredge whistle. At the same moment other boats on each side of the river began to too shrill warnings. Alloway and his men could see a scurrying on the decks of the Slocum. They wondered why Capt. Van Schaick didn't back his boat right into the Astoria shore.

"It seemed to me," Alloway said yesterday "as though he was having some trouble with his wheel and as though he wasn't minding it, and as if he couldn't get his signals into his engine room. But anyway, he went right ahead."

Alarm at Last Given on Board.

From the best understanding of the situation which could be gained from those who were left alive when everything was over, it was quite a while after the Slocum was first found to be on fire that the seriousness of the situation was understood by all of her officers and crew. Very few

of the passengers knew anything of the real danger they were in until the burning and drowning had begun.

Eddie Flanagan was the Slocum's mate. On excursion steamers the safety and comfort of the passengers are delegated to the mate, while the captain is in the pilot house as he always is, very properly, while the boat is in motion. To Flanagan there came a deckhand and Steward McGann. He caught Flanagan by the shoulder and said:

"Mate, there's a fire forward and it's got a pretty good headway."

Flanagan jumped down through the dark space in the middle of the boat and turned the lever of the fire drill alarm. He sent McGann to warn Capt. Van Schaick. The crew was not enough to handle so many passengers. The fire crackled up through one deck after another, licking out far on the port side. There was a rush for the stern. Some of the children thought that the whole alarm was a joke and laughed and pummeled one another as they ran. The mothers didn't. They lumbered after, trying vainly to keep hold of some garment on the bodies of each one of their youngsters.

Capt. Van Schaick ran back from the pilot house and saw that Flanagan had two lines of hose run from the steamer's fire pumps toward the second cabin, and that the water was already spurting through them. The fire drill on the Slocum was always well done. It was held without any requirement of law, once every week. But this fire was beyond any mere fire drill. It took Capt. Van Schaick only a minute to see that he ought to get his passengers ashore as soon as ever he could. He determined on the north shore of North Brother Island.

The Full Horror Comes in Haste.

It takes time to read of all these things. It took almost no time at all for them to happen. The yells and screams of the few people who were caught on the decks below the hurricane deck, forward of the mainmast, were drowned by the roar of the flames and the crackle of the oil-fed flames that these screams off from the frightened mass of Sunday school people aft.

Kelk and Van Tassel had leaped into the crowds when the fire began to burn. It was due to them that more women and children were not caught forward of the fire. They herded the people back like sheep until nearly the whole company had huddled together on the broad foredecks. The fire was eating its way back steadily. The people were getting more and more frightened. Mothers whose children had been separated from them in the rush were getting frantic and dashing madly through the crowd. Confusion grew almost as fast as the fire at the other end of the boat was growing.

"Now, everybody keep quiet!" he shouted again and again, waving his big arms reassuringly at women who were grasping the rail and already leaning over and trying to make up their minds to jump.

Pastor Haas had found his wife and his twelve-year-old daughter Gertrude and had put them near the back of a companion way, where he was sure he could find them. He too tried to calm his people. He might as well have tried to calm the whirling tide that was bearing the burning steamer along to its end. They were fighting now. Mothers who had started side by side with their husbands were fighting like wild beasts.

Overboard by Hundreds.

Screams came from the water. A woman looked over and saw three children floating by on the starboard side. The head of one of them was covered with blood when he floated up. It was at no moment certain that the pilot house would not shrivel up and vanish in a puff of smoke. If it did, the Slocum would never get close enough to the shore to make it possible for help to be given to the passengers who were still living. And the two old men and the younger, with never a look backward, whirled their wheel and braced it, and with their teeth set close together and never a word on their lips, they fixed on the one little stretch of rocky beach where it was possible for a steamer as big as the Slocum to be beached accurately and safely.

They succeeded in the fight that they had been making all the way from the Sunken Meadows, where the Slocum was beached, years ago. Capt. Van Schaick was past the Sunken Meadows, he said yesterday, before he knew that he had a fire on his boat. And the tide was rising. He tried to turn back to beach her there, even had there been any way of rescue out there in the middle of the river.

Work of Rescue.

The only heartening incidents of the whole horrible half hour began happening as soon as the Slocum's bottom scraped on the North Brother Island shore, about twenty-five feet from the sea wall.

The Massasoit, which was the closest boat behind the Slocum when she struck, drew so much water that it was impossible to get her bow within fifty feet of the Slocum. Didn't make any difference to Capt. Rappaport, her coxswain. He took a running jump forward over the bow and swam toward the burning steamer. Like a big red headed St. Bernard he grabbed two babies and swam back to his own boat.

Meantime the captain of the Massasoit was putting boats overboard as fast as he knew how. When these were out picking up people from the water wherever they could, Rappaport was floundering around helping from the water side. From downstream came the slim, white Franklin Edison, the Health Department boat. Thence, too, came the sturdy little Wade, with her tough talking daredevil, great hearted little captain, Jack Wade. There came also the tugs Theo and Easy Time, tooting their whistles, headed for the burning steamer.

Looked to the Mainland for Help.

On board the Slocum horror was being piled on horror too fast for any one to keep track of them. The fire, leaping now high above the framework of the steamer's hogback and roaring with a smoky glare of red tongues up thirty feet over the tall brown smokestacks, had begun to scorch the edges of the compact mass of women and children who were crowding back out of its way at the rear end of the boat.

The greater number of these people by far were on the Bronx side of the decks. They seemed to feel, poor creatures, that, small as their chance for rescue was, when it came it would come from the thickly populated shore rather than from the bleak, rocky, bare spaces on the islands on the starboard side. The Slocum was now opposite 13th street, heading partly across the river toward North Brother Island.

GO TO DEWEYS

When Old Dewey of Grape Juice was needed. H. T. Dewey & Sons Co., 126 Fulton St., N. Y.

On the contagious diseases landing there the fire fighting force of the island under the direction of Superintendent of Outdoor Work Doorley was drawn up with two lines of heavy hoses connected with the island's salt water pumping station.

To have gone to them, according to men who are familiar with the run of the tide along there, would have been worse than useless. The getting of the boat's broadside against the stream, they say, would have whirled her helplessly out into the stream. But as they watched and waited, this was what they saw.

Overboard With Broken Rail.

With a crack and echoing volley of screams that set on edge the teeth of men hardened to almost any form of death or evidence of pain, the port rail of the Slocum's after deck gave way and all the people near it slipped and slid, one over another, into the water. She had hardly gone 200 yards further on—indeed, by ones and threes and twos and sevens gayly dressed women and little tots all in white were seen whirling down from the deck into the raging sea—when, again, and again, the steamers and tugs in pursuit were catching up one woman here or a child there, but it was not much they could do. The tide was too swift, and there was too much work to be done ahead to warrant any delay over individuals.

Explosion Bursts Hundreds.

There was a puff like a great cloud down in the Slocum's innards. A red starry cloud of sparks and smoke and flames shot up and the greater part of the superstructure aft plunged forward into the flames. How many hundreds of lives were snuffed out in that one instant nobody will ever know. Outsiders could see writhing, crawling figures in the burning wreckage, slipping down further and further into the flames until they were gone. As bees cling along a branch when they are swarming, there was a thick clustering of women, all screaming, and boys and girls around the edges of so much of the superstructure as was still standing.

At the very back Kelk, the policeman, was standing, catching up some of the smallest children, and hurling them out at the decks of the nearest following steamers. Mothers threw their children overboard and leaped after them. When the stanchions burned out and the superstructure fell flames were separated.

Thus it happened to Dominie Haas. He had given up as hopeless any effort to get the people quiet, and had just found his wife and daughter. The crash came and he lost them.

Beached at Last.

Now the big steamer, ablaze for more than two-thirds of her 250 feet of length, was rounding the point of North Brother Island. The flames were reaching out for the pilot house. The door toward the fire was blackened here and there and the paint blisters were bursting with little puffs of white steam. The heat under the paddle box, which seemed slow to burn. In there, among the wet paddle blades, the rescue boats were filled again and again.

Van Schaick's Van Climbs for Life.

Long after every one had given up any idea that there was a human life in the forward part of the boat, except those of Capt. Van Schaick and his two pilots, there was a shout of surprise and agony on shore. A small boy—he seemed about 8 years old—climbed up to the flagstaff and began to make his way up as though he got away from the deck which was burning under him. He climbed a little higher and a little higher with each jump of the tongues of flame from below until he was almost at the top. He was a sturdy looking little chap, and each time he found he had not gone far enough he would shake his yellow curls determinedly and work his way a few inches more. It was a brave fight. He lost his footing and began to tremble, just as a boat was getting around in position to get at the child. The staff fell back into the floating furnace, and the boy with it.

Living Borne Past the Dead.

As fast as dead and living were brought ashore the rescuers of the convalescent patients took them and carried them up on the lawn. There was a constantly increasing number of physicians coming over from the mainland, some of them in rowboats. Every burnt woman or child who showed any signs of life was carried into the buildings. The nurses' quarters and the doctors' quarters and the stables and every place that had a roof were filled with the patients who were being nursed. It was a scene of horror and suffering. The dead were laid out in long rows on the grass. The living walked or were carried by them. Heartrending recognitions were there; women throwing themselves on the bodies of their children, children catching at their mothers' hands and begging them to "wake up" and screaming inconspicuously when they realized that there would be no waking up.

There was too much to be done at once for any list to be kept of those who were rescued. The Rev. Mr. Haas was pulled out of the water in which he had fallen soon after the Slocum beached, and found to be not very badly injured. But it was more than an hour before he could be found and identified.

One reason for the heavy loss of life ascribed by those who assisted in the work of rescue was the apparent inability of all the passengers of the Slocum to swim. Scores were drowned within a few steps of firm footing. Not a few were drowned who might have saved themselves by standing up. Capt. Van Schaick and his pilots McGann and Chief Engineer Conklin swam ashore without much difficulty after they once got safely into the water away from the flames. It is not known what happened to McGann. Other members of the crew were sure that when the divers got down into the wreck of the Slocum they would find that Chief Engineer Conklin would be found dead at his post, from which he might have escaped any time, had he wanted to abandon the passengers to their fate.

Burned to the Water's Edge.

When the Zophar Mills' commander was satisfied that there was no more chance of saving any lives, he ordered that the burning hulk be got out of the way. With the help of several of the other tugs she was yanked out into the stream and floated, ablaze from stem to stern over to Hunt's Point, a mile away, where she grounded again and burned to the water's edge and sank. She lies now about half a mile from Hunt's Point on the Bronx side of the stream and about a mile north of North Brother Island. She lies with her yellow smokestacks tilted over to the south and one of her big yellow paddleboxes visible. For the rest there is an outline of charred timbers and nothing more. Divers are

sure he was going to die, he was so exhausted. He heard the fat woman say: "Wake up, you! Wake up! But he didn't know she was talking to him.

"There is my Claus in the water," she screamed. Without more ado, she shoved Ruddy overboard. He floundered around, caught the boy and managed to get aboard again. The fat woman grabbed Claus and started down the boat with him. Ruddy shook his head with a look that was almost a smile and then fell on his face in a faint.

Fire at Comes Flying Up.

All along the shore, as the burning steamboat came along the stream on the breast of the tide, fire alarms had been rung. One alarm at the foot of 13th street was rung three times. There was nothing the firemen could do when they came, except just one thing, which was done at once. The captain of the first company to arrive at the river's edge telephoned for the fireboat Zophar Mills. She came up the river, screaming, with a voice that overpowered all the other whistles which were being blown in every factory and yard from which the blazing steamship could be seen.

The captain of the Mills saw that the Slocum was beached and that rescuers were more needed than pumps of water. He ran into 13th street and took aboard Capt. Gehegan and all the reserves of the Alexander avenue station and took them over to the river to help in the work of picking people out of the water from rowboats and tugs. There is a big marble works opposite North Brother Island. The boss, when he saw the Slocum, knocked off all work and sent his 150 men across in any and every sort of a craft that they could lay their hands on.

Nurses Wade Out Up to Their Necks.

Meantime the hundred nurses and the tuberculosis patients were doing wonderful things. Delicate looking young women, in the dainty white uniforms which nurse wear, ran down to the water's brink and waded in up to their necks and formed human chains, along which struggling, half drowned refugees were passed. Miss O'Donnell, the assistant nurse in charge, went out and brought in seven dead people and eight living. Every other nurse in the place was doing nearly as well. Dr. Watson, the head of the hospital, was out in the water with their cheering from the shore. Mrs. McCann, a thirteen-year-old ward helper, just over from Ireland, swam out four times and each time brought a living child to the shore.

Hulk a Furnace, Many Still Alive Aboard.

Even though relieved by these evidences—but one or two out of hundreds that happened unrecorded—of the working of good and brave human hearts, the misery and the horror were going on almost undiminished. The great hulk was still burning like a furnace on top of the water. Living men and women were still rolling away from her decks. Evidently, so long as the heat under the paddle box, which seemed slow to burn. In there, among the wet paddle blades, the rescue boats were filled again and again.

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working on her looking for more of the dead.

Craft That Did Not Help.

There was great wrath expressed by all the people who watched the steamboat's blazing progress up the river because of the actions of one or two of the craft which did not go to the rescue. The captain of the ferryboat Bronx, which crossed from 13th street right under the stern of the Slocum, without going close enough to catch any of those who were jumping from her decks, got a great share of the blame. Then there was a white steam yacht which bobbed along within a cable's length through almost all of the Slocum's pitiful journey and never once went close enough to lend a hand. The same accusation was made against a black steam yacht with yellow funnels.

Worthless Life Preservers on the Dead.

On many of the bodies which were recovered were life preservers which seemed to have been perfectly worthless. Assistant District Attorney Garvan's attention was called to a collection of the Slocum's life preservers which had been made by Capt. Jack Wade. The life preservers were covered with such flimsy, rotten stuff that they could be ripped open by a scratch with one's thumbnail. They were filled with ground-up cork instead of with solid chunks which would retain their buoyancy. Capt. Wade, who threw away a hundred dollars' worth of really good life preservers to the Slocum's passengers, was highly indignant over the matter.

"Look what they let a boat of 2,500